For though mine enemy thou haſt ever beene,
High ſparkes of honour in thee I have ſeene.

Enter Exton with a Coffin.

Exton. Great King, within this Coffin I preſent
Thy buried feare. Herein all breathleſſe lies
The mightieſt of thy greateſt enemies
Richard of Burdeaux, by me hither brought.
Bul. Exton, I thanke thee not, for thou haſt wrought
A deed of ſlaughter, with thy fatall hand.
Vpon my head, and all this famous Land.
Ex. From your owne mouth my Lord, did I this deed.
Bul. They love not poyſon, that doe poyſon need,
Nor doe I thee: though I did wiſh him dead,
I hate the murtherer, love him murthered.
The guilt of conſcience take thou for thy labour,
But neyther my good word, nor Princely favour.
With *Caine* goe wander through the ſhade of night,
And never ſhew thy head by day, nor light.
Lords, I proteſt my ſoule is full of woe,
That blood ſhould ſprinkle me, and make me grow,
Come mourne with me, for that I doe lament,
And put on ſullen blacke incontinent:
Ile make a voyage to the Holy-land.
To waſh this blood off from my guilty hand.
March ſadly after, grace my mourning here,
In weeping after this untimely beere. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.